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BRIEF MENTION.

To his *Euripides Hippolytus, griechisch und deutsch* (Berlin, Weidmannsche Buchhandlung), von WILAMOWITZ-MÖLLENDORFF has prefixed an essay—"Was ist uebersetzen?"—which every one who has undertaken to translate will read with painful interest. The brief treatise is full of pregnant sentences and fertile suggestions, but all the seed-vessels of Wilamowitz's thought are barbed, and the reader feels as if he were personally scratched, especially if he has ever dared to translate into the metre of the original. It is only the philologist, W.-M. maintains, that can make a translation; but translation is nothing philological, and the vision of the ideal which only the philologist can have must be paired with the artist's hand. The translator must be competent to constitute the text of his author, he must be a perfect master of the science of metre, he must be able to translate into the language of the original as well as out of it, and not only so, but into the style of the original, he must take up into himself the full meaning of the poet's creation and reproduce it as freely as he has absorbed it. And yet, hard as the task is, it is one that the philologist cannot put aside, as Haupt used to do. He must not content himself, as Haupt did, with saying that ἐπεὶ γ' ἀφέλεσθ' με δόντες cannot be translated with its γ', with its participle. The philologist as a teacher must translate or else keep back a great part of his understanding of the author. Haupt said: "Translation is the death of understanding." Wilamowitz says: "True translation is a metempsychosis." Agreed. But in that metempsychosis what strange forms may appear! One thinks of Ennius's peacock, of Lucian's cock, and the swan note of the antique loses its charm when it is transposed into the squawk of the one or into the crow of the other. The trouble lies in the inevitable association of ideas. For instance, in Euripides' Ode to Eros we read:

οὔτε γὰρ πυρὸς οὔτ' ἄστρον ὑπέρτερον βέλος,
οἷον τὸ τᾶς Ἀφροδίτας ἱγνύν ἐκ χερῶν
Ἔρωος, ὁ Διὸς παῖς,

which becomes in Wilamowitz's metempsychosis,

"sengende flamme noch himmlische blitze
brennen so heiss wie die pfeile der Kypris.
Eros schießt sie, das himmlische kind."

Doubtless the German is worthy of Goethe. Of this Germans may judge. But the juxtaposition of 'himmlische blitze' and 'das himmlische kind' is not pleasing, and who that has ever said or sung the good old song can keep out of his mind

"Kein Feuer, keine Kohle kann brennen so heiss
Als heimliche Liebe von der Niemand nichts weiss?"

In this rendering Phaidra's case becomes Gretchen's case, and the metempsychosis goes bravely forward. But homely simplicity is not noble simplicity.

Mr. GRANT ALLEN, like Wilamowitz, does not believe unreservedly in the principle of translating into the metre of the original, and in his *Attis of Catullus*, which forms No. VI of the dainty *Bibliothèque de Carabas* (London, David Nutt), he has not undertaken a hopeless rivalry with Mr. Ellis's wonderful *tour de force*, but has chosen instead a rapid logaoedic movement, of the iambo-anapaestic order, which is intended to give and succeeds in giving much more of the orgiastic tone than is to be heard in Tennyson's 'Boadicea,' which people will persist in calling Galliambic. The large use of alliteration, which Mr. Grant Allen's version has in common with the original, reproduces what may be called the timbrel effect of the piece, and whereas the jingle of rhyme might be impertinent elsewhere, it is in place when one has to do with the *typanum, tubam Cybelles*. But the translation, however well done, is an excuse for much other matter which transcends the space of 'Brief Mention.' 'In his poem of the *Attis*,' we are told, 'Catullus, a Celt of Gallia Cisalpina, fired and inspired by all the perfervid fancy of the Celtic race, has enshrined for us nobly, in immortal verse, his own transcript of the weird Oriental dirges he had heard himself during his Asiatic wanderings.' Perhaps if we did not have the original of *Ille mi par esse deo videtur*, we might speak of Catullus as having enshrined in immortal verse the ardent love-songs he had heard himself in the suburbs of Verona, and it is hard to believe that *Super alta vectus Attis* is wholly independent of the Greek, though Wilamowitz thinks that the *Attis* is an imitation rather than a translation of Callimachus (Hermes, XIV 197). "Seine *Attis*," says W., "ist kein Document für den religiösen Sinn ihres Verfassers oder ihrer Zeit, sie ist vielmehr ein Meisterstück der Nachahmung Alexandrinischer Kunst in Metrum, Sprache und Stil." But all this does not lessen the value of the *Attis* as an incorporation of orgiastic worship, and it is to the study of the *Attis* as a document of early beliefs that the bulk of Mr. Grant Allen's volume is dedicated. In a long excursus he undertakes to harmonize the ghost-worship of Spencer with the tree-worship of Frazer. The ancestor is the god and the tree is the god, for the ghost of the ancestor lives on in the tree which his body nourishes. The last excursus is on the Galliambic metre, which Mr. Grant Allen makes out to be an iambo-anapaestic measure in a way that will not satisfy metricians, but may serve to justify after a fashion his choice of an English metre in which to render the *rabidus furor animi* of the *Attis*.